Bad At Love by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

Kali and Nancy are adorable and too awkward to flirt with each other.

Bad At Love

Author's Note:

> So my girl was having a bad day and this is a prequel to a much longer fic I'm going to write but she needed Kalancy and I wanted to give it to her. Please comment/kudos.
> Xx
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Kali has loved her for a long time. And who wouldn't? She was beautiful, smart, talented. They liked the same things, and the things they didn't have in common, they taught each other.

Nancy Wheeler wasn't the person that Kali had thought when she'd met her. She expected a quiet, white girl from a small town, that was ready to ask Kali for the best Indian restaurant in town. Except that moment never came. Nancy never acted like she was better than her, though she clearly had enough money to not have to work through college, hence why she was always studying at the cafe and bugging Kali.

She knew Kali went to the cosmetology school down the street from NYU where she and her best friend, Jonathan, who Kali has yet to meet, and always asked Kali to do her hair.

Kali wouldn't lie, her hair did need to be done. Her soft brown, and natural waves made her look the eighteen that she was. She needed something new. But Kali wasn't far enough into her training to do it yet. Nancy always smiled and told her she'd wait for her, and Kali always seemed to think there was more behind her words than she was saying. Especially when she did it while biting her lip and batting her lashes at Kali.

She's not sure what to think of Nancy. She's from a small town in Indiana aka probably a racist, homophobic place, so Kali is not even gonna go there, until one day Nancy comes barging in with a tall thin white guy behind her, both of them wearing Black Lives Matter shirts. Kali genuinely tries to not let her jaw drop but it doesn't really

work.

Nancy swings herself onto a chair and the guy who's fairly cute himself, and it is not fair if Nancy is straight it's just fucking not, and Nancy sighs,
"We've just come from a protest and it fucked sucked," she says sadly, "white people just, fucking suck. Like they called the police and people started getting pepper sprayed and, fuck. Who knew New York of all places would be so racist?"

The guy raises an eyebrow at her, beautiful brown eyes flickering between her and Kali,
"Um, literally fucking everyone."

Nancy smacks his arm,
"Okay. True. That was probably one of the whitest things I've said," she admits, handing him a menu, because she already has it memorized by heart.

"Even whiter than when you said that-" Nancy slaps a hand over his mouth so fast, she's kneeling on the stool and nearly in his lap,

"Jonathan, I will kick your scrawny ass and don't think I won't. By the way Kali, this is Jonathan. He's been really excited to meet you," she removes her hand and tucks a piece of hair behind her ear,

"Not as excited as Nancy was to introduce me to you. She was right. You are very beautiful."

Nancy blushes and bites her lip, suddenly very busy looking at her nails and Kali laughs,
"Thank you. But it's gonna take a lot more than calling me beautiful and wearing a black lives matter shirt to get me to like you. You're still a shitty, white, boy," she puts emphasis on all three words though she's mostly just giving him shit, and Nancy looks up suddenly,

"Boy?"

"I'm bi," Kali says with a shrug.

"Oh my god, me too!" Nancy shouts.

Kali's eyebrows shoot up at that and Nancy bites her lip, eyes focused on Kali.

"Me three!" Says Jonathan, "now can you take our order? This shitty white boy is hungry."

Nancy slaps his arm,
"Jonathan!"

"Come on Nancy, you can flirt while I eat, please?"

Her face is red and Kali laughs, before taking her notepad out of her pocket and leaning across the counter, batting her eyes up at Jonathan,
"A shitty white boy who most definitely is now paying, if I have anything to say about it," she teases, especially when she sees him looking down at her cleavage that's now pressed against the counter.

"Oh don't worry, I tip, very, well," he says slowly, dragging a hand through his hair.

They both order and Jonathan offers for her to order something too, which she denies because she's really not supposed to eat on the job but mostly because her and Nancy already have a system worked out, where she orders a cheeseburger with extra pickles and a grilled cheese and they share. (She's here a lot okay, it's fucking normal!!)

She turns to give their order to the cook and tries not to blush when she hears them arguing,

"Jonathan what the hell is wrong with you?! You're embarrassing me!"

"Embarrassing you? You're like 6 steps closer to having sex with her than you were five minutes ago."

She hears a slap,
"You mean you are."

"Whatever. But I mean, I've never had a threesome before, it could be fun."

“I hate you,” she sighs.

“You love me fancy Nancy. Have since kindergarten.”

“I should have left your ass in Hawkins.”

Kali finally turns around,
“Y’all grew up together?”

“Yes. Our moms were best friends in high school. We took over for them.”

“They’re not friends anymore?”

Nancy shakes her head,
“Hell no. My mom is a raging bitch.”

“Like mother like daughter,” Jonathan teases, elbowing her.

“Nancy’s not a bitch!” Kali defends before she even realizes it.

Nancy looks at her eyes wide, and Jonathan snorts,
“If you don’t just ask her out already, I swear to god-“

“Jonathan!” Nancy says embarrassed.

“Um, I should go check on my other tables,” Kali says, running a hand through her hair.

She does check on her tables, but she asks her manager if she can take a quick smoke break in the back, because she’s a pussy. And she does not want to watch fucking Nancy Wheeler and her soft curls and perfect winged eyeliner and fucking BLACK LIVES MATTER SHIRT cut her sandwiches diagonally, and offer some to Kali, and swirl her own ketchup and mustard on the opposite side of her plate for her fries because Kali would rather die than taste mustard. She can’t do it. She is a grown woman. Okay, grown woman, nineteen, whatever the hell, and she does not need to be crushing like a thirteen year old.

So she’s leaning against the wall of the cafe, smoking her second cigarette when the door bangs open. Jonathan steps out clumsily, and he is cute too, and funny, and he makes Nancy blush, which Kali has

never seen before and is truly too adorable.

He's got the shaggy hair and high cheekbones and soft eyes going for him, and he's pale against the black of his T-shirt and he's wearing cargo shorts and converse, looking so hipster even though if he came from home with Nancy they've barely been here three months. He looks like he's adjusting a bit better than her, and she blows smoke out the side of her mouth,

"Did you need something?" She snaps.

"You are feisty. I like it."

"Jonathan," she sighs, "I'm just trying to take a break before,"

"Before you have to go be in love with Nancy Wheeler and have her look at you with those huge blue eyes?"

She looks up at him, he towers over her, he's giving her a knowing look and she shakes her head, angrily putting her cigarette out on the wall,
"Now you, you listen here-" she pokes him in the chest with a nail and he grabs her other arm,

"I'm not gonna say anything. I promise."

She stares at the white lettering of his t-shirt,
"I'm not, listen, I don't,"

"I get it. I get it. I'm not saying anything, I promise."

He tilts her chin up, his eyes are very beautiful,
"I know you don't know me very well, but I keep my promises."

"All I need to know about you is that you're wearing this shirt," she plucks at it and he smiles,

"Well I'm glad. Now please come and eat your half of Nancy's food, before she starts crying."

"She's that upset?" Kali asks, shocked.

“She’s pulled her hair up into the messy mom bun, bitten off three fingernails,” Jonathan says seriously.

Kali laughs,
“That’s what that bun is called? The messy mom bun?”

He nods,
“She has two siblings she practically raised. Please come eat. She’s gonna think you’re wasting away.”

Kali shakes her head,
“That girl is trying to fatten me up I swear.”

Jonathan’s eyes trail purposefully down her body,
“I think you’re good.”

She rolls her eyes and tucks her pack of cigarettes in her back pocket and lets Jonathan open the door for her. It’s not her fault if she swings her hips a little harder than normal because she knows his eyes are on her ass.

Nancy’s picking at her food, hair tucked in the mom bun, and Kali heads back behind the counter and walks up, picking up one perfectly cut triangle piece of the grilled cheese and takes a big bite, Nancy smiles and Kali just looks down, chewing quietly as Nancy picks up her half of the burger and takes a delicate bite.

They don’t really discuss it anymore for like a month. Nancy still comes by all the time, and they’re constantly flirting and talking and they do stuff out of work too, they meet for the movies, and Nancy looks too adorable in her little floral dress that shows off her perfect cleavage and she all but crawls into Kali’s lap when we get inside because the theater is freezing. Kali teases her at first that she should have brought a sweater but eventually they end up with the arm of the seat up, cuddled together under Kali’s leather jacket.

They all go to some party together that Jonathan invited them too, and Kali has never seen Nancy in less clothes. She’s got her hair up in a stylish messy bun (not to be confused with the mom bun) complete with a maroon bandana tied around it, huge gold hoop earrings, even more dramatic winged eyeliner, dark lipstick and sparkly cheekbones,

wearing a tight white crop top that shows off her pierced nipples and a short black leather skirt and biker boots. She's drunk when Kali gets there and hugs her a bit too long and Kali feels underdressed in her purple lipstick and ratty band tee she'd cut into a crop top and leggings.

She stares at Nancy for a long tome and when Jonathan comes back with drinks for both of them, he gives Kali a knowing smirk to which she just flips him off. The three of them get hammered and dance together and it's great and Kali is so sure she's going home with them, Nancy especially who keeps playing with her hair, that's newly done with purple streaks and side bangs.

"I shouldn't do this, I'm white," she says, twirling a lock of purple hair.

Kali laughs,
"It's okay baby, you can play with it, I like it."

"Me too."

But they don't. They just get high in a random bedroom, and Jonathan locks the door and they pass out because it's his friend's and there's no problem, and she's never slept so good as against Jonathan's back, his hands looped around her waist, her face buried in Nancy's neck, her own arms wrapped around Nancy's ribs, Nancy's cold hands, covering her own.

Nancy's double majoring in dance and business so sometimes Kali gets to see her in a leotard and skirt and pointe shoes, hair slicked back and pulled up, with glittery eye makeup, and she looks like she belongs in Swan Lake. Other times it's one of Jonathan's old shirts that's falling off her shoulders and leggings that make her ass look fantastic.

It's a couple weeks after the party when Nancy is sitting on the counter, watching Kali close. Her hair is falling down her back and she's wearing leggings and a plain white T-shirt and Kali is so gone,
"So guess what?"

"What?" Nancy asks, flipping her hair over her shoulder from where

she's drying plates, which Kali has told her a million times she doesn't have to do.

"I can do your hair. I need a model on Friday. Will you be free?"

"Holy shit are you serious?!" Nancy asks excitedly, "I will be ready anytime you want me to!"

Kali laughs,
"Okay. Do you know what you want yet?"

Nancy hums, eyes trailing over Kali as she dries a plate too. She's got her hair back in a ponytail and her forehead is a bit shiny with sweat, she's beautiful,
"You have full rein. You can do whatever you want to me."

Kali drops the plate and the two of them watch it shatter. Nancy thinks she'll make a move, something, and she licks her lips, leaning a bit closer, but she doesn't. She just bends down quickly to pick up the pieces of the broken plate.

"Every stylists dream."

Kali's dream for Nancy's hair takes about six hours. When she's done, Nancy looks. Well. Hot as shit and badass and not like she came from a shitty small town, and, like she's actually capable of being Kali's girlfriend. They match.

Nancy's got hair just a bit shorter than shoulder length, straight across bangs and her hair is bleach blonde and fabulous,

"Holy shit I look like a Barbie!" Nancy all but screams when Kali reveals her hair.

Kali's got a wide smile on her face too and she laughs when Nancy pulls her into a hug which ends up tugging Kali into her lap. Kali is a few inches shorter than her and she settles on Nancy's lap, embracing the tight hug,
"I don't look like a racist little virgin anymore," Nancy says with a laugh, pulling away.

"You're not a virgin?" Kali teases, pushing a piece of hair behind

Nancy's ear, she looks so fucking good and Kali can't believe she actually did that. She made Nancy Wheeler look even more beautiful. Her heart does a jump and Nancy smacks her,

"I lost my virginity at fifteen bitch!"

Kali laughs even harder at how defensive she is,
"Fifteen?! Jesus Christ."

Nancy loops her arms around Kali's neck and rolls her eyes,
"It was just Jonathan."

"You were still a kid!"

"Come on, you mean to tell me that no one hopped on you in high school?" Nancy asks, eyebrow disappearing under her bangs.

"Not when I was a fucking freshman!" Kali snorts.

Nancy rolls her eyes,
"Stop teasing me! It was boring het sex. We'd known each other forever, it was bound to happen, written in the stars, all that shit."

"I highly doubt sex with Jonathan would be boring. What about sex with a girl? When did you first-" she knows she shouldn't be asking, it's none of her fucking business and she just made Nancy hotter to go fuck anybody in the world practicality because they're all falling at her feet she's so gorgeous when Nancy pulls her down and kisses her, hard.

Nancy's a good kisser, soft, just like her body pressing against Kali's, and she somehow tastes like fucking cherries, and she twines her hand in Kali's hair and tugs and Kali moans, opening her mouth for Nancy to swipe across her own tongue and teeth.

It's Kali who breaks away first, panting, and Nancy smiles at her, her pink lipstick smeared across her lips. Kali smiles back, heart beating a bit too fast, and settles further onto Nancy's lap.

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It doesn't feel like it's been almost eight years. That's all Kali can

think as she rests against the doorway to Nancy's dance studio, watching Nancy.

She's got two mini buns on top of her head, she's wearing a lilac bralette and legging capris and flat pointe shoes, dancing in front of the wall of mirrors to Power by Little Mix. She looks good as hell and it's not until she goes to start the song again does Kali call her name,

"Nance!"

Nancy turns around, shocked and uses the remote to turn the radio down a bit, bouncing over to Kali and taking her iced coffee,

"Thanks girl! I didn't hear you come in. Sorry, I was really into this song, obviously. Trying to come up with a new dance routine for the girls," she says, taking a big drink of her coffee.

She's sweating lightly, her bangs sticking to her forehead, but somehow her eyebrows, eyeliner and bright red lipstick are perfect, and Kali can't help but smile. She'd just come from the salon, so she still has on some leggings and a long black tunic, the only pop of color was her gold eyeshadow, and it didn't exactly help that it was cool enough to wear her leather jacket.

"Anyway did you like it?" Nancy asks, shaking her cup at Kali.

Kali takes a drink of her own iced coffee and shakes it,
"Yeah it was great, I especially loved the part where you felt yourself up."

"That was my favorite too," Steve says, poking his head in.

Nancy's description didn't do him justice because he did look like a fuckboy, even though he clearly was their same age. His hair is... she wants to ride his face just looking at it and he's got beautiful brown eyes and moles on his face and a cocky smirk and a white T-shirt that is way too tight tucked into too tight jeans. He is, delicious. Just like Nancy said.

"Steve shut up," Nancy says, rolling her eyes.

"Damn Nancy. If you didn't wanna be with me because you had a

smoking hot girlfriend, you could have just told me to fuck off."

"We're, she, I, um," Nancy tries to say something, but Kali just cocks her hip and flips her hair over her shoulder, looking over at Steve,

"You think I'm hot?"

"Oh god, Kali, are you serious?"

"It's an innocent question Nance,"

"Yeah, listen to your girlfriend Nance," Steve says teasingly.

"She's not my girlfriend," Nancy says, rolling her eyes and walking back to the mirror.

"Not exclusively anyway."

"Kali!" Nancy says, slamming her iced coffee on the speaker.

"I'm just saying."

Nancy rolls her eyes and looks at herself in the mirror, squaring her shoulders, she turns the radio up louder and restarts the song, placing her hand on her hip so she can start again. She looks back in the mirror to see Steve and Kali side by side, looking at her.

"Don't you guys have anything better to do?" She asks, shaking her hips three times, before bending down to touch her toes, shimmying back up. When she does, to twirl and trace her fingers across her collarbone, she glances in the mirror to see them both staring at her lustily,

"Absolutely not," says Kali.

"Fuck no," says Steve.